

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DAY I PLAYED BASE BALL.

Sung by ROBERT MCKAY.

My name is O'Halloher,
I'm a man that's influential,
I mind my business, stop at home,
My wants are few and small.
Some blackguards 'tother day did come,
They were full of whiskey, gin and rum,
They took me out in the broilin' sun,
To play a game of ball.
They made me carry all the bats,
They nearly drove me crazy,
An' they sent me out in centre "field,"
But I paralyzed them all.
I put up my hands to catch a "fly,"
Whoa! Emma! it struck me in the eye,
And they hung me on a line to dry,
The day I played base ball.
I took the bat and hit the ball
I thought to San Francisco,
An' thin around the bases,
Three times I ran them all,
But then the gang began to howl,
An' they said ould man you made a foul,
An' they rubbed me down with a Turkish towel,
The day I played base ball.
Two reporters begged to know my name,
An' presinted me wid a medal,
Ah' they asked me for my photograph
To hang upon the wall;
They said that I had won the game,
Though my head was broke, my shoulder lame,
An' they sent me home in a cattle train,
The day I played base ball.

A. W. AUNER'S
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